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For the fact should not be forgotten that realism is not simply any kind of truth recorded in any manner and with any purpose. Some realism is a mere accumulation of details; it appears to require no very high type of mentality but only a vivid imagination that is easily stimulated by concrete facts. Another kind of realism is dominated by a single concept of life. It selects scene and atmosphere and detail apparently with the single view of combatting optimism; it uses the long arm of circumstance to bring to pass tragic or futile consummations as freely as romance employs the same agent to effect "happy endings." This no doubt is very well, in its way; yet realism cannot truly be understood if it is regarded simply as the inverse of romance. A catholic taste should not be hampered by the supposition that romance necessarily expresses one philosophy and realism another. In performing its function of organizing ideals of happiness and representing them through the methods of selection and intensification, romance should not misrepresent the truth; and in representing bare truth through a somewhat different use of the same methods, realism should not indulge in special pleading nor by ignoring romantic truths, implicitly deny them.

Story-writing in Chekhov's hands is a science, but a truly human science—a science that takes account of men's most delicate emotions, of their most mysterious impulses, but that philosophizes not at all. Like psychology, it reveals realities of mental mechanism and of the heart and soul. It compels the reader to see himself as mazed in flesh and spirit. Like William James, it makes one aware of the insufficiency of purely mechanistic views and of purely idealistic views. At the same time and by the same means it develops and guides one's love of humanity. Without mawkishness it intensifies one's sense of fellowship with "the damned human race."

The Duel, the story of a weakling whom a strong and normal man feels justified in slaying—though in the end the weakling is permitted to live,—is a wonderful study in the conflict between good and evil, and in the struggle between the merciless ethics of science and the merciful ethics of Christianity. The persons who take part in the struggle are all blind and all well-meaning—in short, they are human. The story, like a thrilling personal experience, is something to ponder for a lifetime.

BLACKFEET TALES OF GLACIER NATIONAL PARK. By JAMES WILLARD SHULTZ. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916.

The romance of the red Indian has in recent times undergone a certain change. Most of us have been familiar since childhood with the "Cooper Indians" as Mark Twain scornfully called them, and with the Hiawatha Indians. The stock figure of the noble red man

as represented in cheaper fictions has become proverbial. But of late we have begun to have something more genuine, and better—real stories of Indian life and legend as told by the red man himself.

In some respects the true Indian stories that have been piously collected with a view to preserving the traditions of a vanishing race have proved disappointing. The stories themselves are in some cases marked by a disappointing crudity, a want of logic and coherence that is discouraging to the civilized reader. Then too, the compiler of Indian tales and traditions is liable to be influenced by a kind of pitying sympathy that gives to his narratives a tone not the most stimulating. First and last, Indian stories have usually been told with a degree of false sentiment and false atmosphere or else, in a purely scientific spirit, without any sentiment or atmosphere at all.

It is because the stories contained in Mr. James Willard Shultz's *Blackfeet Tales of Glacier National Park* are not open to these objections that they stand somewhat apart from most other Indian stories both of the earlier and the more recent kind. The author is a real old-time frontiersman and Indian fighter. As a young man he was adopted by the Blackfeet tribe; he married an Indian maiden and for years lived the life of the tribe. He therefore writes with understanding; he also writes with real simplicity and with literary skill.

There appears to be in all Indian stories an extreme literalness and simplicity, almost amounting to poverty of imagination. Both the animals and the gods who are invested with human characteristics talk and believe almost exactly like men. Except for certain fixed attributes they have few godlike or animal traits, and do not really seem to belong to different orders of being. A god may be quite on a par with a wolf or a bear in a contest of wit or strength. Moreover, the world above the sky which the gods inhabit is a precise duplicate, tree for tree and rock for rock, of the world beneath. In going from the lower to the upper world one achieves, so to speak, a change of position without a change of scene.

This extreme simplicity, charming at first, may become at last rather tedious. Any such effect, however is obviated in Mr. Shultz's stories by the vitality of feeling that pervades them and by their connection with real persons and places. The tales have atmosphere and they appeal eloquently to the innate love of outdoor freedom and of primitive things.